

Irvington Milling
COMPANY.

IRVINGTON, KY.

Merchant and Custom Millers,
Grain Dealers and Manufacturers
of the

HIGHEST GRADES



—OF—

Roller Process

FLOUR

Roller Process

Corn Meal

Bran, Shipstuff and

FEED.

Ample capital, the best quality
of grain and modern machinery,
skillfully handled enable us to pro-
duce results unsurpassed.Orders promptly filled and care-
ful attention given to

CUSTOM WORK.

For any further information call
on or address theIRVINGTON MILLING
COMPANY.

IRVINGTON, KY.

READ
THE
GOOD
NEWS
GREAT
MARK
DOWN
SALE
AT

GEO. YEAKEL & CO.'S

Throughout our entire establishment,
in view of the fact that we have just
closed one of the most successful years
in our existence, we have determined to
make a clean sweep of what remains of

Woolen Goods

of all description.

Those who are not in immediate need
will do well to purchase for the future.Men's Boots for \$1.75, worth \$2.75
" " " 1.50, " 2.00
" " " 1.24, " 1.75One lot of Men's and Boys' Boots
worth \$1.50 to \$2.50, going at \$1.00One lot of Lad's Shoes worth \$1.25
to \$1.75, going for .75c.Men's Overcoats for \$12.00, worth \$18.00
" " " 9.98, " 13.00
" " " 6.98, " 10.00

Goods marked for half price on our

Bargain Counters.

GEO. YEAKEL & Co.,
BRANDENBURG, KY.

Edwin Brothertoft.

BY
EDWIN WINTHROP.Copyright, 1893, by United States Book Company
and published by special arrangement
with them.

SYNOPSIS.

PART I—Edwin Brothertoft, heir to a manor on the Hudson, is left an orphan with the manor heavily mortgaged to the Hillops. He goes to New York city to seek his fortune. CHAPTER IV—Jesse Hillop, the Hillop heiress, gains an interview with young Brothertoft. V—The Hillop and Brothertoft fortunes are united by marriage. VI—Brothertoft goes on a colonial mission to England. Mrs. Brothertoft succeeds to a large estate and long for a title. Birth of a daughter, Lucy, and return home. VII—The manor house becomes the resort of redcoats. Brothertoft is at last exiled by wife and daughter. He joins the patriots.

PART II—Major Peter Skerrett, aid to General Washington, arrives at General Putnam's estate camp at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson. CHAPTER I—Skerrett volunteers to lead a party to "cut out" Captain Kerr, a redcoat, who is garrisoned at Brothertoft manor. IV—Edwin Brothertoft, now as Sergeant Lincoln, is among Skerrett's men. A servant from the manor, Voltaire, brings news to camp. V—Mrs. Brothertoft designs that Lucy shall marry Captain Kerr. VI—Lucy is anxious to escape. VII—Skerrett takes Voltaire into the plot to capture Kerr and rescue Lucy. VIII—Edwin, with an old manor hand, is Skerrett's guide.

PART III—Redcoats are at Brothertoft manor Voltaire prepares for Lucy's flight to the Fishkill camp. Chapters V and VI—Plotting below stairs at the manor. Lucy's wedding outfit. VII—Major Skerrett's party reaches the manor. VIII—Jesse Dewitt gets intoxicated.

This discourse, spoken thick, and the leer that emphasized it, quite dissipated all Major Skerrett's scruples. "Faugh!" thought he. "Everything is fair play against such a beast. I never comprehended before what a horror to a delicate woman must be marriage with such a creature. Life would drag on one long indignity, and every day fresh misery and fresh disgust. Faugh! sitting here and hearing him talk gives me qualms—me, a man of the world, who has certainly had time to outgrow my squeamishness. I could not tolerate the thought of giving up any woman, even one with heart as flowered, to the degradation of this fellow's society. He shall not have Mr. Brothertoft's gentle daughter. No, not if I have to shoot him where he sits. No, not if I have to stab the lady."

Peter looked at his watch. Time was not up. He was compelled to bottle his indignation and listen civilly.

PART THREE—CHAPTER X. What are the plotters without the manor house doing?

All except Jesse Dewitt are standing at ease and waiting for their commander's signal. Old Sam Galsworthy has his hand on the muzzle of the runt pony, and at the faintest symptom of a whinny in reply to Volante's whinnies in the stable, Sam plugs the pony's nostrils with his thumbs and holds his jaws together with iron.

He leans on his gun and looks dull. Hendreus Canady stands to his gun and looks sharp. Sergeant Lincoln-Brothertoft keeps himself in a maze—for to think would be to doubt of success, and to doubt is to fail.

This of course is the moment when Jierck Dewitt should be "stiff as the lord chancellor," limber as the lord chief acrobat, steady as a stepple and silent as a sexton.

But Jierck is at present a tipsy man, in happy-go-lucky mood. He begins to grow impatient waiting in the cold and shivering sober. A thought strikes him. He can do something more amusing than stand and handle a chilly trigger.

"I'm going to take a turn about the house to see all the safe, orderly," whispered he to Lincoln-Brothertoft. "I leave you in charge of the party. Keep a sharp lookout. I will be back in half a jiff."

Jierck stole off into the darkness. Recollections of former exploits hereabout had revived in his muddled brain. "Hair oil's all gone," he thought. "Now if I could only get into the cellar of the old house I should have my choice of liquors, just as I did ten years ago, when Lady Brothertoft had me caught and licked for breaking in. By congress, it's worth a try! The cellar window bars used to be loose enough. It won't do any harm to give 'em a pull all around. If one gives I can tumble in, get a drink to keep my spirits up, and be back long before the major calls."

His fancy was hardly so coherent as this, but he obeyed it. He crept about the house and fumbled at the bars of the nearest window. The windows opened on a level with the ground.

"No go," said he, "try another!" He did, and another.

At the third window the soldier was loose and a bar shaly. Jierck dug at the soldier with his knife and worked the bar about. It still resisted, and he admonished it in a drunken whisper: "You scoundrel! you, you fat bit of rusty iron, keep a patriot away from Tory property. Give in now, like a good feller, before I git mad and do something rash."

At this the bar joined the patriots and gave in. It came away in Jierck's hand. He laid the cold iron on the frosty grass. He could now take out the stone into which the bar had been set. He did so. That released the foot of the next bar. He bent this aside. There was room for him to squeeze through.

He carefully backed into the cellar. He unplugged his powder horn with his teeth and poured a charge on the stone floor.

"Old Brindle didn't know how many redcoats that horn of his was to be the means of boring through," thought Jierck. "Powder's an itosohn."

He unplugged his powder horn with his teeth.

In the dark his flint and steel tinkled together.

A spark flew. Flax! Flax! The powder flashed. He moved forward now without stumble or tumble. He felt his way into the winerom. He touched the rough, dusty backs of a battery of recumbent bottles. He grasped one by the neck. With a skillful blow against the shelf, he knocked off the yellow sealed muzzle. "Fire away!" said he, presenting the weapon at his lips.

Gurgles. He stopped to take breath. He felt like a boy again. The wine tasted as it did ten years ago, when he first stole into the cellar and was punished for it. "She can't have me whaled this time," he muttered. "Here goes again! What stuff it is!"

Gurgles a second time, and the cellar seems to listen.

But while that amber stream was flowing between the white stalactites in Jierck's upper jaw and the white stalactites in his lower, and rippling against that pink stalactite, his palate, before it leaped farther down the grotto, suddenly:

A scream above, a rush, a shot, a scuffle.

For an instant Jierck was paralyzed. He stood listening. The bottle, for which he had deserted his post, slipped through his alarmed fingers and crashed on the floor. The sound half recalled him to himself.

He turned and sprang for that dim parallelogram of lighter darkness—the window where he had entered.

Awkwardly, drunkenly, trembling with haste and shame, he clambered up upon the sill and began to back out between the bars. His coat caught against the bent iron.

As he stopped to disengage it he peered suspiciously back into the cellar.

A little spot of red glow in the midst of the blackness caught his eye.

"Aha!" he thought, "my powder-lighted something tindery in that heap of rubbish. It will soon eat what it's got and go out on the stone floor. And if it doesn't go out let it burn! Blast the old house! it's a nest of Tories. Blast it! the mistress had me thrashed like a dog. Blast the house! my wife was spoiled here and that spoiled me. Blast it! let it burn and show us the way out of the country!"

Jierck tore his coat from the bar, backed out, picked up his gun and skulked tipily off to join his party.

PART THREE—CHAPTER XI. Jierck Dewitt's companions waited, at first silently, then anxiously, for his return.

Moments passed and he was still gone. "I hope he hasn't played us a trick," whispered Van Wart.

"Not he!" says honest Sam Galsworthy.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys," whispers the root doctor's son. Jierck has got liquor aboard. That's nutty to say so, now he's gone. I heard him walk tipily when we came from the barn.

When we got there, I saw he stood too ramrod for a sober man. You know how it is. Since his wife went bad he's lived on rum for steady victuals. He swore off to Major Skerrett. But he didn't swear strong enough, or else something strange has drawn his cork.

"If that is so," said Lincoln-Brothertoft, "I must follow and see that he does not risk himself or us. Watch, men, for your lives!"

"They may call that man Orderly Lincoln," says Hendreus Canady as the other disappeared about the house, "but I believe he's Tommy Jefferson or some other congressman in disguise. He talks powerful dictionary. And how did he come to know this country like a hawk and like a hoptoad too?"

It seemed sad and sorry business to Edwin Brothertoft to go prowling like a burglar about the home of his forefathers.

He followed Jierck around the rear of the house. All the familiar objects were an unknown, alienated look. The walls were grim, the windows were dark, the whole building said to him, "You are an exile and an intruder."

But he had no time for sentimental regrets. He turned the northern side of the house. A bright light burned in Lucy's chamber in the tower. He could see a shadowy figure moving behind the curtain.

"My child! in a few moments we shall meet," he thought.

Nothing to be seen of Jierck Dewitt! The sight of his daughter's form revived his anxiety. Peering into the darkness passed about the corner of the turret.

He stopped opposite the parlor windows on the front. A shutter stood open. A faint light, as from a flickering wood fire within, gleamed out into the hazy night. The window sill was bright high to a man.

"There we used to sit," he murmured, "my wife and I. There by the fire, in the evenings of autumn long passed, I have watched her love dying and all my hopeful vigor dying—dying into ashes."

The mighty despotism of an old love mastered him for a moment. There was little bitterness in his heart. These scenes, once so dear, became dear to him again. He pardoned them for their unconscious share in the tragedy of his life.

"I must have one glance into that room," he thought. "My memory of it will be a troublesome ghost in my brain, until I have laid the ghost with a sight of the reality."

He stole forward softly over the crisp, frosty grass, and looked cautiously in at the window.

Mrs. Brothertoft was seated alone before the fire. It was an instant before her husband's eyes could distinguish objects within. He drew close to the window. He perceived her. A thrill of pity and pardon killed all his old rancors. He felt that, though he must war against her for his daughter's sake, he fought reserving an infinite tenderness for his foe.

And she within—had she heard that stealthy step of his upon the stiffened grass and the dry leaves? Had his faint sigh penetrated to her as she sat silent and moody? Did she feel the magnetism of human presence—the spiritual touch of a spirit wounded by her wrong? Or was it merely that in these days of alarm and violence she kept her senses trained and alert?

He saw her cruel face turn suddenly, stare into the night and mark an intruder.

For one breath he stood motionless. Then, as she sprang forward to the window and shouted for help, he turned and ran around the rear of the house to the spot where he had left his comrades.

PART THREE—CHAPTER XII.



Major Skerrett walked quietly to the window and whistled in his men.

Half past eight, and the two majors still sat vis-a-vis in the dining room.

"I am tired of this," thought Skerrett. "I have had enough of swallowing bumpers to this fellow's 'bumpers.' I have heard enough of his fooleries, his boasts and his drivels. I could never have been patient so long except for the lady's sake. Every word and look of his is an imperative command to me to make sure of her safety. Yes, yes, Voltaire! You needn't nod and wink that she is ready and anxious. Ten minutes more to be positive that my men are come—and then, major, please the Goddess of Liberty, I'll forbid your barns, and walk off with your person. I'm sorry for you, brute as you are. And you will not like your wireless quarters with old Pat."

Monstrous long minutes, those final ten! At the rate of a thousand a minute, shades of doubt drifted across Peter's mind.

Who has not known suspense and its miseries? Something hanging over him by a hair, or he hanging by a hair over something. Patiently Peter Skerrett! The pendulum ticks. It checks off the minutes, surely.

And while those minutes pass, tipsy Jierck Dewitt is at work in the cellar trying to drown the misery that this guilty house has caused him.

The ten were almost ended, when Brothertoft started to search for the stray leader, that other victim of a woman's delinquency.

It was in the very last of the ten that Mrs. Brothertoft turned suddenly and saw an unknown face staring in at her, as she sat in the dusky parlor.

Time was up. Major Skerrett walked quietly to the window, threw up the sash, opened the shutters and whistled in his men.

Three only came leaping in at the summons.



He staggered and fell. Enter through the dining room window like Van Wart, old Sam Galsworthy and Hendreus Canady.

At the same moment Mrs. Brothertoft's cry for help rang through the house. Jierck Dewitt in the cellar heard it. Lucy in her turret heard it. Plato in the hall could not but hear it close at his ears.

Plato was still on guard, playing pantomime with the weapons. He stood, with pistol outstretched, pointing at an imaginary foe. It was a duello he was fancying. He had received the other party's fire unscathed. Now his turn was come. He proudly covered his invisible antagonist with his pistol at full cock.

"Apologize, sir," whispered Plato. "or—"

Here came his mistress's loud scream for help. Plato was petrified.

Mrs. Brothertoft rushed into the hall. There was the negro, standing like a statue holding forth a weapon to her hand. She seized it. Her sudden fright reacted into a sharp fury. She was fearless enough, this cruel virago. The touch of a deadly weapon made her long to be dealing death. She heard the scuffle in the dining room.

"Come!" whispered her old comrades, the furies, closing in, and becoming again body of her body, spirit of her spirit. "Come, take your chance! Here are marauders—rebels! Shoot one of them! Practice here! Then you will get over any scruples against blood, and can kill the people you hate, if they ever come in your way. Now, madam!"

Such a command ran swiftly through her brain. She opened the dining room door.

Her scream told the assaulting party they were discovered. They were pinning Major Kerr in double quick time. He sat in tipsy bewilderment, numbing vain protests and vain threats.

Not one of the group about the captive observed the mistress of the house as she softly opened the door.

But another did. Edwin Brothertoft, tardily following his party, was clambering through the window.

He saw his wife at the door. She must be kept from the danger of any chance shot or chance blow in the scuffle. This was his impulse. He sprang forward to put her away gently.

She instantly fired at the approaching figure.

He staggered and fell. His head struck the claw foot of the table and he lay there motionless, with face upturned and temple bleeding.

Her husband! She knew him at once. His thin, gray hair drawn back from his mild, dreamy face, with the old pardoning look she remembered so well and hated so fiercely—there lay the man she had wronged and ruined, dead; yes, as it seemed, dead at last by her own hand.

"My husband!" She said it with a strange, quiet satisfaction.

Every one paused an instant, while she stood looking at her work, with a smile. She had done well to wait. Those impalpable weapons she used to see in the air had become palpable at last. Yes, she had waited wisely. This was self defense, not murder. She had the triumph without the name of crime.

And she must come prowling about here and be shot," she said to him, as if they were alone together.

And she spurred him with her foot. As by this indignity she touched and broke down the last limit of womanliness, she felt a great exulting thrill of liberty, a mad sense of power. Nothing could offer itself now that she was not willing to do. A future cruelty was a trifle to this. Her joy in this homicide prompted it to a murder.

She looked up. The group about Kerr were all regarding her. She laughed triumphantly in a dreadful bedlam tone and flung her pistol at Major Skerrett.

He caught the missile with his hand. "Are you mad?" said he. "Do you know that you have killed your husband? Take him into the next room, men!"

"Come, madam," said Galsworthy gently. "You did not know it. We are sorry it was not one of us. We are manor men, come to take this Britisher prisoner, not to harm anybody or anything here."

"Curse you all!" she cried, and she made a clutch at Sam's honest face. "I am not sorry—not I! No, glad, glad! And I'll have you all served so, hung, hung for spies!"

"Talk her away, men!" repeated Skerrett. "We must confine her, but not here with this dead man. Gently now as gently as you can; remember she's a woman!"

"Woman!" says Canady, holding her fingers from his face. "No, by the Continental congress! she's a hell cat!"

"No hope for him with such a wound as that," said the major, kneeling over Brothertoft and examining his bloody forehead. "He seems to be quite dead. See to him, Sappho! Stand by Major Kerr, Van Wart, while I dispose of the woman!"

"Sargn," mumbled Kerr. "I'm sash tied 't's all a mistake."

The two men dragged Mrs. Brothertoft, struggling furiously, across into the parlor and forced her into an arm chair before the fire.

Skerrett followed. Plato was in the hall, terrified at the mischief he had caused.

"Run, Plato," said the major, "and have Miss Lucy's mare out. And you, Voltaire; don't look so frightened, man! We must make the best of it. Bring the young lady down some back way! She must not see her father or her mother. Horrible, horrible, all! A dreadful day for all this sorrow and sin!"

He passed into the parlor.

"Madam," said Skerrett gravely, "I regret that I must confine you. You have shown your power to do harm and threatened more. I cannot take you with me for safety. If I left you free you could start pursuit and we should be caught and hanged as you desire. Boys, tie her in the chair, so as not to hurt her, now, but carefully, so that she cannot stir hand or foot. I hate to seem to maltreat a woman."

They belted her and corded her fast in the chair. She wrestled frantically and cursed them with unwomanly words, such as no woman should know.

"There you are, ma'am, fast!" says Galsworthy, drawing back. "You're tied so you won't feel it, and so you can't hurt yourself or anybody else."

Skerrett heaped up the fire to burn steadily and slowly. Then, with great tenderness of manner, he laid a shawl over Mrs. Brothertoft's shoulders.

"Madam," said he again, "I am sincerely sorry that I must imprison you. I have tried to make you as comfortable as possible. The night is fine. This fire will burn till morning. I must take your people all away with me for safety; but they shall be dispatched back to their homes as soon as we are out of danger, to release you, and—here his voice grew graver—"to bury the husband whom you have killed and in whose death you triumph."

She made no answer. All the flickering of the fire could not shake the cold look of defiance now settled on her handsome face. The color had faded from her cheeks. Her countenance—rimmed with her black hair, disordered in the struggle—was like the marble mask of a Gorgon.

The major paused a moment, listening if she would speak. "It seems brutal to leave her so," he thought. "But what else can I do? She will grow calm by and by and sleep. There are worse places to pass the night in than a comfortable armchair before a good fire."

"Good night, madam," he said, with no trace of a faint in his tone.

The cold look gave place to an expression of utter malignancy and rage at her impotence to do further harm.

"Move on, men," said the major, and followed them.

At the door he turned to survey the scene once more. Its tragedy terribly fascinated him.

These sat the lady with the fire shining on her determined profile. She was quiet now, and from the picture the heads of the soldier and his white horse as quietly regarded her.

Skerrett closed the door softly.

He listened an instant without. Would she relent? Would he hear a sob and then a great outburst of pent-up agony,

when, left to herself, she faced the thought of this ghastly accident, which she had adopted as a crime?

He listened. Not a sound! There was no time to lose, and the major hurried after his men.

PART THREE—CHAPTER XIV. All this while Lucy had been waiting anxiously in her chamber in the turret.

As twilight faded, she took her farewell of river, slopes, groves and mountains. With dying day, all that beloved scene sank deeper into her memory.

At last Voltaire came and whispered: "They are come. Be ready when I call!"

She was ready. As she stood waiting for the signal of flight, suddenly her mother's cry of alarm broke the silence.

At that ill omened voice, Lucy trembled and for one moment despaired.

Then came the sharp crack of the pistol shot.

The shock startled her into courage. This note of battle joined awaked all the combatant in her. "I cannot hide here," she thought, "while they are in danger for my sake. I cannot fight, but I may help if any one is hurt."

One more glance about her chamber, and then she closed the door and shut herself out into the wide world.

At the top of the staircase, the sound of a struggle below met her. She paused, and shuddered. Not for fear. Timidity seemed to be expunged from the list of her possible emotions. She shuddered for horror.

She recognized her mother's voice. She heard those bedlam cries and curses. These were the tones of a woman who had ejected the woman, and was a wild beast. Feminine reserve had dropped at last, and the creature appeared what her bad life had slowly made her.

She knelt by him. "What final horror has done this?" thought Lucy.

(To be Continued.)

GOOD STOCK.

The L. St. L. & T. is The Best Paying Road in The South.

Bonds Sell at Par.

The Louisville, St. Louis and Texas road is rapidly becoming one of the best in the South, if transactions in its securities count for anything. "Our bonds have been quoted at 92 and 94," said General Manager McCracken yesterday.

"Last week they could not be purchased at par. Stock has advanced about 20 per cent. in the last sixty days. This all comes of a good showing of earnings over the fixed charges. There are very few roads whose bonds sell at par when the road is but five years old."

Stock of the Texas road is hard to find. There is very little on the market from the fact that all but a few shares are owned by the McCrackens themselves.

The increase in earnings is due to the good condition of the road, the heavy traffic and the springing up of new industries along the line of the road.—Courier Journal.

WILL BUILD AN ADDITION. The L. St. L. & T. railroad will shortly begin the erection of an extensive addition to its freight depot at this point. The material has already been ordered and the work will be commenced in a very short time and completed within three weeks.

The addition will be made at the west end and the dimensions will be 30 x 96 feet, extending to Frederica street. A handsome office, 20 feet by 30, will be fitted up, facing Frederica street.

The addition is necessitated by the largely increased freight business done by the road at this point. The present depot facilities are entirely inadequate. The warehouse and platform are full to overflowing and there is no room to handle the freight received and dispatched here.

This is a splendid showing for Owensboro's merchants and shippers and the road is to be congratulated that its business is such as to demand the increase. The work will be